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Northern Messenger

Rates Inside

MONTREAL, MARCH 29, 1940.

77th Year.

"CREEK HOCKEY"

By J. R. R. Jamieson
(For the Messenger.)

SAM PORTER was sad. This year he had again failed to make the regular line-up of the Brockton School senior hockey team. Three winters ago he had been young enough for the intermediates, but, somehow he hadn't quite graduated to the first team of the school like most of the other fellows. True, Mr. Stock, the coach, had given him a blue and white sweater and hockey trunks like the other players, but they are of little value to a boy who spends most of his time on the bench. Once or twice so far this winter, the coach had allowed Sam to take his right wing position on the ice. Still this didn't help much. Everytime it had occurred when Brockton was far enough ahead of the opposing team that a stray goal scored on them wouldn't lose the game, nor jeopardize their first place standing in the league.

Today Sam felt worse than usual about it all. Last night at practice, the coach had asked him to give up his hockey uniform to a new recruit. He was a newcomer to the city and looked like a real goal-getter. Mr. Stock had tried to do it in the kindest way, too. "I'll give you a complete outfit when the new uniforms arrive," he had said. Still it was the lapse without one that hurt Sam most. It meant that his services as a player were not needed by the team and everyone would know it, because the other fellows always wore their sweaters on the street. The thought was almost unbearable.

* * *

YET, inspite of his sorrow, Sam was not the one to sit in a corner and weep about these things. Even if his heart was as heavy as an anchor, he could still wrinkle his freckled countenance in a grin and make the world believe he didn't care. At the moment his father and mother did not know of his loss. When his mother had asked him to shovel the overnight fall of snow from the front walk, he had been his usual cheery self. "Sure," he had answered. "It toughens me up.

A hockey player needs to be tough." Now he had more than half of the walk cleared and was leaning on the shovel to rest his back.

"Hey, fellow," said someone behind him that made him start. "How about cleaning our sidewalk next?"

Sam turned to face the voice. "Hello," he murmured coolly. It was Jack Bloor, the new hockey recruit wearing his sweater, who stood before him.

"Soon be finished?" asked Jack. "I came over to ask you to go skating on the creek. The wind has cleared most of the snow off it last night."

Sam Porter demurred. It would be fun to skate on the creek, he thought, splendid practice too. Just the thing he needed to increase his wind. "Well, I want to finish the walk, and then there's some ashes . . ." he answered without enthusiasm.

"I'll help you," interrupted Jack with a grin, "Got another shovel?"

* * *

SAM was not too sure about the shovel. It nettled him to realize that the tall, well-built lad before him was so pleasant. He would have preferred him to be a 'smart alec' or a bullying type of fellow. It was in his mind to put the new boy off but it occurred to him that the ashes were quite a job for one person. "I . . . I



Reason returned, and
he was off down the ice . . .

Nothing was an effort for him now.

might get you the coal-shovel from the basement," he said.

Jack Bloor seemed delighted with the work. So swiftly did the snow disappear from the walk that Sam could scarcely believe it when the job was finished. When they went to the cellar to carry out the ashes, the newcomer was perspiring freely, but he didn't appear to mind at all. Fifteen minutes from the time that Jack had arrived, they were on their way to the Bloor home for Jack's skates.

Mrs. Bloor was very pleasant too. She shook hands when her son introduced Sam and insisted that they take time to eat an apple. As they were leaving, Jack brought out two hockey sticks, almost new, and suggested that Sam carry one with him to the creek.

"I was lucky to make the Brockton team last night," confided Jack as they sat on the bank of the creek to put on their skates.

"You're pretty good," responded Sam. He had almost said, "You bet you're lucky," but he just couldn't be nasty now.

"Well, I thought I was. Your team is very fast; more so than the gang I was playing with before."

* * *

SAM was at a loss for words. He had seen the other fellow's performance at practice and he was convinced that he was a star, even in the faster company.

"I'm sorry about this sweater," continued the new recruit. "It was yours, wasn't it?"

"Yes," mumbled Sam working diligently with the laces of his shoes. "I was only a substitute on the team anyway." His skates were on, so grasping the stick he had been loaned, he glided out onto the ice.

For sometime the two boys skated up the creek, side by side, yet not too close together. In spite of his best attempts, Sam felt sulky. Jack sensed it and said nothing. In fact, they were fully a half a mile from their shoes before either of them recognized the other's presence, then it was the newcomer who broke the silence. "I'm glad you're a right-hander," he called to Sam, throwing a puck down and skating after it. "Perhaps we can work up a little combination together." Stick-handling the black rubber circle back and forth several times as if passing an opposing player, he flipped it across the ice to his companion. It was splendid fun and both boys soon forgot all about hockey sweaters and teams as they laughed and chatted and skated in the bracing air.

"You're a dandy skater," said Jack, pausing to catch his breath. "What's the matter with your game that you're not a regular?"

Sam didn't know. He realized now that he could skate as fast as the new-

comer, but he lacked his skill in handling the hockey stick.

"It might help if you held your stick more firmly on the ice," suggested Jack. "You won't lose the puck so easily then."

The other boy tried it and noted an improvement.

"Now, don't bat the rubber about so much," coached the hockey star. "Do that when you want to trick another player, otherwise push the puck ahead of you and skate as fast as you can. This gives you a chance to watch where you are going."

* * *

AGAIN Sam experimented and was pleased with the result. By the time they were ready for home, he felt more confident of his stick-handling ability than he ever thought was possible. He could even keep the puck away from Jack for quite a time and that was more than he could do before.

"How about practising every night after school?" asked Sam as they were about to separate at Jack's home. "Those are great tips you were giving me."

"Sure," chuckled the other. "It's great fun, don't you think?"

At every opportunity after this for three weeks the two practised. When the snow on the creek was too deep for hockey, they cleared a space. If it was snowing so hard as to make this futile, they took turns at shooting the puck to each other to improve this part of their game.

During this time, Jack wore the team sweater and Sam went without one. Some hitch in the arrival of the new ones had occurred but Sam didn't mind so much now. In all the regularly scheduled games of the Brockton team, he sat on the bench while his new friend did an excellent job on the ice. Not a trace of his former jealousy of Jack remained, and he was content to stay on the sidelines until the time arrived to show his newly found abilities.

"Porter's pretty snappy now," Sam heard Jack tell the coach one evening after the league schedule was finished and Brockton was waiting for the finals. "Any chance of getting him a uniform for the games against Barryville? You'll be missing something if you don't use him."

* * *

MR. STOCK nodded. He had been watching the former substitute at practice lately and had noticed the improvement. "I'll try," he promised.

Sam was hurrying out of the school building next evening on the way to the creek when Mr. Stock stopped him at the door. "Here's a uniform for you," he said. "You'll be on hand Wednesday for the game."

"Y—Yes, sir," stammered the youth.

It wasn't the new uniform that affected him most, but what the coach had said. During his two winters on the spare-list no one had ever been particular whether he was on hand or not. His presence at the games was always taken for granted. Now he was being singled out as a player and asked to be there.

The championship of the city schools was to be decided by a two-out-of-three series between the winners of the eastern and the western sections of the city. Brockton had won a decisive victory over their grouping, but Barryville had had a tough time to come out on top. Naturally the former team was the favorite to win. The first game was arranged for Wednesday night, the second for Saturday afternoon and the third, if necessary, for the following Monday evening. The largest artificial ice arena in the city had been hired for the games.

* * *

BROCKTON went into the first engagement over-confidently, and bowed themselves to an ignoble defeat of 6 to 1 at the hands of their opponents. On Saturday they rallied their forces sufficiently to gain a 2 to 1 decision over Barryville. In neither games did Sam have the opportunity to prove himself. His team possessed two right-wingers who had occupied the position all season and Mr. Stock was hesitant about breaking up the combinations. However, he was on the ice enough to test his speed and skill against the other fellows and give him confidence.

And it is probable that the same would have been true of the game on Monday, had not an accident occurred. Walter Brennan, the better of the two right-wingers, and the chap who usually played opposite Jack Bloor, twisted his ankle in the closing moments of the second game and was out of the play for the balance of the season. "Go to bed early tonight," advised Jack in a conversation with Sam on Sunday. "You'll have to do your duty tomorrow evening."

Mr. Stock did not start him in the game and for this he was glad. It gave him a chance to sit on the familiar bench and watch Brockton perform for five minutes before the coach tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Right wing."

* * *

HE was hardly in his position on the ice when the play began again. A Barryville forward tried to pass him. He poked his hockey stick at the puck and it worried him for an instant when he found he had it. Then reason returned and he was off down the ice. A defenceman glided in front of him. Sam tried to dodge the fellow but he was being skated off into the corner of the (Please turn to Page 9.)

WHITEFISH FEUD

READERS HAVE MET—

GEORGE KOMAR, head of the Komar Fish Co.
RENDALL WILLIS, of the rival Willis Fish Co.,
which is trying to crowd out Komar.

ALIN SEATON, honest, loyal skipper of Komar's
tug, the 'Kofisco'.

GORD LORING, Alvin's best helper.

We rejoin them on board the Kofisco, starting out good-heartedly to give a helping hand to the Willis tug, Stanton Lass, which is caught in an ice-field. Working their way through the ice is a slow job and they stop to make a sort of meal off roasted whitefish.

"AS LONG as these fish keep from rotting we can't starve to death!" Alvin said. "But I wish we had some grease and a pan so that we could fry them."

No salt, no pepper, and the outside burnt, the inside raw, they chewed eagerly into their roasted whitefish. No one spoke, all were intent on satisfying those stabbing pangs that gnawed at their stomachs.

The pilot-house soon cooled off with the Diesel engine below not running and throwing its heat up through the deck. An hour after the Diesel had stopped, water on the pilot-house floor was freezing into ice.

"I don't believe that I want to sleep there very much," Alvin said.

* * *

BACK by the stove on the stern deck the four pulled up a fish box each and in a circle around the stove they tried to sleep. The fish boxes, though they were slightly form-fitting, made hard beds and none of the boys slept for more than a few minutes at a time. They kept the stove red hot, but wind whistled through cracks in the tug's deck-house and with their knees right up to the stove they toasted their shins and shivered from the waist up.

At the first grey streak of dawn in the east Alvin was down beside his engines, giving the big Diesels a check up before another day of ice bucking was to begin. When he went back up onto the deck again the boys were ready to dine on a breakfast of roasted whitefish. Gord greeted him with a smile.

"Maybe after another week of this I'll be able to roast whitefish without burning them," Gord said as he handed Alvin a charred piece of fish. Alvin took the boat axe and cut a hole in the ice at the stern of the tug. He pulled up a pail of water.

"As long as those whitefish hold out and the lake doesn't go dry we won't die of starvation or thirst," Alvin stated and his oil-smeared, grimy face wrinkled up into a smile.

A bright red sun had just stuck its tip above the icy horizon when Alvin threw over the throttle and the Kofisco's Diesels roared. The shifting of the ice during the night had loosened the pans around the tug and the Ko-

By C. F. Bodsworth

(For the Messenger.)

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fisco backed out from where the night before it had been hopelessly held. Fathom by fathom and mile by mile they battered their way through the ice, travelling in a general easterly direction. As much as possible they followed the bluer areas for that meant thinner ice, but the largest part of the field was white, where sheet after sheet was piled on top of each other.

* * *

IT was about eleven-thirty that morning when Jim Medlin thought he saw a boat in the ice far out to the south.

"It's just a speck," he said as he handed Alvin the glasses, "but it might be worth investigating."

For almost a minute Alvin peered at the small dot on the horizon then handed the glasses to Gord Loring.

"It's so far away that you can't tell," Alvin stated. "It might be a tug, but more than likely it's a berg."

At any rate he turned the Kofisco's bow to the south and eagerly the four watched that speck as they gradually got nearer. Ahead at full speed until the tug's bow would drive no further into the ice, then astern for a couple of tug's lengths and then another run at full speed to gain a few more feet into the great barrier of ice, thus they progressed mile after mile.

"It's a tug," Gord said, as he scanned it through the glasses several hours later, "and I'm sure it's the Stanton Lass!"

Alvin looked. "I guess you're right," he said.

The hours dragged slowly after that. At dusk they were still a mile or so from it. Anxiously they watched for any signs of life from the stranded tug. Nothing showed.

Working on through the darkness, Alvin picked up the Stanton Lass with the beam of his searchlight at about nine that night. Low in the water and listing a little to starboard it lay helplessly imprisoned in the floes only about a hundred yards ahead of the Kofisco.

"We dare not go any nearer," Alvin said as he stopped his tug. "The Stanton Lass is so full of water now by the looks of her that it's just the ice jammed around her that's keeping her up!"

* * *

IN single file and about fifteen feet feet apart the four started off across the ice towards the Stanton Lass.

Joined together with a rope in case one of them should fall through a crack in the ice they picked their way along, Alvin in the lead. Still roaring out of the west, the gale tore at them and the slippery ice provided poor footing to keep their balance against the blast. As he approached the darkened tug Alvin wondered what they would find when they got there. Would it be the stiffened bodies of a crew who had been unable to withstand the rigors of last night's blizzard in the slight protection that their tug offered? No sign of life showed but Alvin prayed that no such sight as that would greet them.

Alvin climbed up on the forward deck first and turned his flashlight back towards the stern. No one met him, there was not even a feeble groan to prove that some of the crew still lived. The other three came quietly up behind Alvin and apprehensively they walked back along the deck. The pilot-house was empty, no one lay on the flooring beside the engine. Anxiously Alvin stepped out to the stern deck and turned his light around him. No bodies nor other signs of life showed. The Stanton Lass was a deserted derelict ready to sink to the bottom as soon as the Amherst Point ice field loosened the grip that held it.

* * *

IT was four mystified boys who lowered themselves onto the ice from the forward deck of the Stanton Lass and set out on a return trip across the treacherous floes to their own tug. A day and a night of ice bucking had ended in success, but—what kind of success. They had found the Stanton Lass only to discover that her crew had mysteriously disappeared. Silently the four picked their way along over the ice towards the lights of the Kofisco, Alvin in the lead again, testing the ice with a heavy pole.

Suddenly there was a loud crack at Alvin's feet and instinctively Alvin jumped back. Too slowly, though, and as the ice beneath him gave way, he threw the pole crosswise in front of him and fell forward onto it. Icy water closed in around him up to his armpits and Alvin's breath came in gasps as the sudden chill paralyzed him. But the ends of the pole were on solid ice and Alvin's hands closed onto it in a frantic grasp as a dizzy feeling closed in around his brain.

With the rope that fastened them together the other three pulled Alvin out. The wind pierced his sodden clothing like a knife and on legs that would barely move, Alvin started again across the ice. When they reached the Kofisco

(Please Turn to Page 4.)

UNDAUNTED U BOAT VICTIMS



SURVIVORS of the crew of the Canadian Pacific cargo liner Beaverburn received a warm hearted welcome on landing at a British port. They expressed their happiness on reaching dry land again by singing "Auld Lang Syne." Upper left shows members of the crew, cheery, in

spite of their ordeal, preparing to do justice to a hot meal and tea. Part of the crew, marching along the wharf after landing, are shown in upper right. Note the sailor who only had time to don his trousers. He is wearing a

more fortunate comrade's vest. Captain T. Jones, commander of the Beaverburn, was heartily congratulated on his handling of a most serious situation. Center shows a port authority official adding his word of praise. The Beaverburn was torpedoed early in February.

WHITEFISH FEUD

(Continued from Page 3.)

a couple of minutes later, his clothes were frozen into a suit of rigid armor, arms would not bend and he was walking in short, stiff-legged steps. His companions had to lift him up onto the deck of the Kofisco, for with pants like two stove pipes he couldn't climb up himself.

Bundled in the few blankets that they had aboard the tug, Alvin shivered behind the deck stove for an hour after that, while his clothing dried. Roasted whitefish appeased their gnawing hunger and then they prepared for another night. Outside the tug, the gale gradually lessened and finally died out altogether, the eerie stillness was almost haunting, coming so suddenly after the long-drawn-out whining and humming of the wind. Slowly it grew colder.

* * *

DREARY hours of short naps and chilly awakenings in their hard fish box beds passed slowly. Alvin slept very little and all through the night he could think of nothing but this Stanton Lass mystery. Perhaps all of the crew had been working on the ice to loosen the tug, and leaving the engine running in reverse, the Stanton Lass had broken free and moved astern

to an area of broken ice where they would be unable to get back aboard it again. In that case, the fishermen would perish in a few hours, cruel deaths of exposure on the unprotected expanse of the Amherst Point ice field.

"Please . . . God . . . keep them alive, somewhere . . . somehow," Alvin prayed and then dozed off again, this time not to awaken until the early March sun bathed the ice field in a glistening whiteness.

He was awakened by a call from Gord who was in the pilot-house.

"The small lifeboat is gone from the top of the Stanton Lass!" Gord called back as he gazed across at the other tug.

Instantly Alvin was fully awake, and dashing up the deck. Sure enough, the Stanton Lass lifeboat was gone. Far off to the east the rugged, uninhabited shoreline of Amherst Point was visible.

"I didn't notice that it was gone when we looked at it with the searchlight last night," Alvin said, "but it must have been."

With the glasses Alvin studied the shore opposite the tugs. Because it was all of four miles distant details along the beach were not very distinct.

"We're going to take a run in there and look over that beach," Alvin stated.

SO once more the monotonous ahead and astern motion began as yard by yard the Kofisco's Diesels drove the tug through the ice. With her hull battered and her engines wheezing and knocking from the strain of the past few days, the Kofisco fought on and Alvin did not spare her. Still he drove that steel bow into the heavy windrows at full speed and with clenched teeth watched the cracks zigzag through the ice ahead of the tug. The tug that was going to return to Port Stanton after this adventure would not be the same sleek-looking Kofisco that left the harbor a couple of days ago. But oddly, Alvin didn't seem to care. The Komar Fish Company was seeing its last days and if he had to do it the flagship of the Komar fleet could meet no more honorable end than to be driven until, a battered hulk, she sank to the bottom in a frantic attempt to save life.

An hour of ice bucking put them within half a mile of the shore. Anxiously, Alvin scanned the beach with the binoculars, but only the scrubby oaks and snow-covered logs marred the barren ruggedness of Amherst Point.

"There's nothing in sight along this stretch of beach," Alvin said, turning the Kofisco's bow towards the north
(Please turn to Page 12.)

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

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READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, **JOHN FAIRBAIRN**, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail. Then Jock repays this kindness by warning Jean and Donald that Robert Fairbairn has turned the rougher-class men against them. A riot is started and the "Shelter" is destroyed by fire. Donald and Jean barely escaping. Donald, now out of work, tries hard to get a worthwhile job. Meeting with continued failure he gets completely discouraged. Jean enlists the aid of Arnold M'Nair. He, in helping her, gives her a new vision of life and Christianity. Together they bring Donald back to himself and Jean and he are married, in spite of Robert Fairbairn's objections. Jock Campbell still remains dissatisfied and rebellious but one night at a Mission Service Campbell shows a change of attitude.

DONALD looked. He listened. There were not many men present. The few who were looked less interested than Jock. Some shuffled about, others grinned, looking as if they were sorry to have come, wishing that they could make an early escape, as perhaps they were planning to do.

Donald had never heard M'Nair do so well. He was preaching from the Book of Judges—Gideon's question to the Angel of the Lord "Where be all the miracles our fathers told us of?" And though this was not a sermon in the ordinary sense of the word, the preacher, in telling phrase, was, in this homely address, driving home the truth.

"Why does not God work the miracles of olden times? Gideon wanted to know that. The angel soon told him. First, because there was no man willing to co-operate with the Divine plan." M'Nair leaned forward in his earnestness. "The angel said, 'Go in this thy might'—and until there was a man prepared to do that God could do nothing for his people. He always waits on the man—for the moving of human nature in reponse to His summons—"

* * *

HOW Jock Campbell was listening! How the rest of the men had grown suddenly serious! The preacher had reached heights of eloquence they had not known in him before.

"God is waiting to lift us—but men will not let Him. Go in this thy might! Political programs cannot save the world. Humanity cannot be lifted by laws, only by principles! When men

are ready to become fellow-workers with Him, God can act. . . ."

Intense silence now—still that strained, intent look upon the face of the listener. The minister's voice took on a deeper note of conviction.

"There was another reason. There was the image of Baal and there was the sacred grove set up in the midst of the village. These people were worshipping Jehovah in name, but they were taking no chances. . . . Gideon's first act was to cast down the strange god in their midst." Here M'Nair's voice rose to a note of urgent appeal. "Until we are ready to cast out false gods, false standards, God can work no miracles—He could do no mighty works there because of their unbelief."

It was one of those nights such as come to men once or twice in a lifetime—an occasion when one could be quite sure that God was present, that power was attending the preaching of the word. Donald's heart was beating fast. He felt certain that at any moment a break was coming. And come it did.

Into that unconventional mission service there came a dramatic interruption.

M'Nair was proceeding to his third point. "There was another reason why God could work no miracles. We see what happened in the morning when this bold young man had had courage enough to cast down Baal—the older men were ready to kill him. It was the apathy of the older generation, seeking to keep in check the new eager spirit of youth that was hampering God's work. He could work a miracle here tonight if we had the courage to break from our old conventional, traditional methods to smash up things as they are to set God on the throne. We are too apathetic to do any such thing—and when eager young preachers come to this generation telling it that it must be born again you are ready to cast them out—and you have lost faith in miracles. . . ."

* * *

DONALD never forgot that moment in the service. Suddenly Jock Campbell rose to his feet and shouted. The preacher stopped suddenly. Such things happened at revival services in Cornwall, but they never took place in sober Scotland. Everybody seemed to sense that a miracle was about to take place in the very heart of Glasgow.

"I must speak," shouted Campbell. "And I'm no' going to heckle or interrupt as you generally expect me to. I'm for seeking the Saviour the night.

I can see the Communist rope is no' long enough. It doesn't reach down to puer souls that are damned in the pit—I've come to see that only Christianity can lift men—the same as the religion of Mr. Fairbairn here lifted me a stage higher years ago. . . ."

Here all turned and looked at Donald, who flushed scarlet. He heard the minister's voice say, "I'm glad to hear this, and if you will speak to me after the service. . . ."

But Jock was not going to be sidetracked, even momentarily. "I'm for giving a testimony before the congregation. All my life I've been like a man treading a maze, trying to find the centre and always getting back again in the long run to the place from which I set out. I've found the centre at last. It's Christ for me! And I'm going to tell my pals that. You can't save men's souls only by feeding and clothing their bodies. . . ."

He might have gone on, only his voice broke here. He was completely broken-down—it was evident that something more than merely so-called natural forces were at work. Donald at his side, with arm about his shoulder knew that when a Scot weeps in public the great deeps indeed are broken up. He could hear Campbell muttering, "God be merciful—God be merciful—to me—a sinner—me a sinner—"

And in the little vestry afterwards God worked his miracle in the heart of Glasgow. Jock Campbell came home. Donald went his way curiously elated. It had not always been easy to befriend Jock Campbell, especially since his part in and punishment for the crazy plot to burn down the works. "Cast thy bread upon the water," he thought. "It has returned tonight. Thank God! Jean will be glad to know that all the work in Glasgow was not in vain."

* * *

AN extract from a letter written by Jean to a friend some years later:

. . . . Now for my news. Since you went to South Africa lots has happened. I am getting quite a staid married woman. Did you know that my big boy is now away at school and captain of the football team? He says he wants to be a missionary—well, I hope so.

Father we buried two years ago. I think as he came to the end of life he was far more humble than he used to be. Life taught him much—and Donald's coming made a big difference. I cannot tell you the full story. Perhaps one day when you come home—if ever you do. — Father was prepared at the last. He sent for that minister I told you about and Donald to come and pray with him. . . . I'm sure he repented of his wrong at the last. I can write to you as one who has had much joy in serving Christ for so many years and (Please turn to Page 12.)

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7).
Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger,
Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member
of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is free to serve all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

Subscription Rates Elsewhere
or on application.

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

MARCH 29, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : "I am the resurrection and the life."
—John 11:25.

Mon. : I may know the power of His resurrection. Phil. 3:10.

Tue. : Blessed . . . is he that hath part in the first resurrection.—Rev. 20:6.

Wed. : When they heard of the resurrection, some mocked.—Acts 17:32.

Thu. : Saying that the resurrection is past already.—2 Tim. 2:18.

Fri. : Of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question.—Acts 23:6.

Sat. : As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—I Cor. 22.

As the will is the channel through which we receive all of God's graces, and as God never forces those blessings upon us, submission of the will is necessary.—L. W. Crow, Deaconess, in *Sharing*.

The Abiding Presence

In my childhood I used to sing, "There's a Friend for little children above the bright blue sky." I know better now. He is nearer to me than I can dream. I used to sing, "There is a happy land, far, far away." Now I sing, "There is a happy, land, not far away." The good Father and his home are not in some remote realm. They are very, very near me. (J. H. Jowett)

Three Questions

1. Am I an advocate (of Christianity) or a flaming apostle?
2. Where am I going to invest my life?
3. Do I test every plan by its relevance to the Christian advance?—Violet Saunders, Missionary in the Far East.

Till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own, till you delight in God for being good to all: you never enjoy the world.—From Thomas Traherne's, "Centuries of Meditation."

"I doubt whether there is any problem, social, political or economic, which would not melt away before the fire of a great spiritual awakening."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

When people speak of the failure of Christianity they really mean the failure of those who happen to belong to a Christian church but do not follow Christ in their lives.

It is never Christianity that lets a man down, but his own weakness. A bad pianist may blame the difficulties of Beethoven for his inferior performance. But it is not Beethoven who has let him down.—Rom Landau.

And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? . . . I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. And he trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?—Acts 9:4-6.

Intelligent sympathy and practical love cure individuals who have been pronounced incurable (in crime)—the very methods the Master advocated and calls for still.—Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

The people who never make mistakes are the people who never make anything much.

Cheerfulness is what greases the axles of the world.

An After-Easter Prayer

Christ, Thy Blessings on us shower;
Christ, enrich us with Thy Power.
Grant us, Lord, to rise with Thee,
And Thy perfect Beauty see:
Thee in Thy Divine Perfection;
Through Thy Cross and Resurrection.

When we with the world have striven,
And our faults are all forgiven:
All our tempests, over past;
May we dwell with Thee at last;
Share Thy Love and Thy Perfection,
Through Thy Cross and Resurrection.
—A.G.A.P. in *The Living Message*

Returning from Communion

(Song of a Basque Peasant)

O little lark, you need not fly
To seek your Master in the sky,
He's near our native sod.
Why should you sing aloft, apart?
Sing to the heaven of my heart;
In me, in me, in me is God.

O travelers passing in your car,
You pity me who come from far
On dusty feet, rough shod;
You cannot guess, you cannot know
Upon what wings of joy I go,
Who travel home with God.

Ships bring from far their curious fare,
Earth's richest morsels are your share.
And prize of gun and rod.
At richest board I take my seat,
Have dainties angels cannot eat;
In me, in me, in me is God.

O little lark, sing loud and long
To Him who gave you flight and song,
And me a heart aflame.
He loveth them of low degree
And He hath magnified me;
And Holy, Holy is His name.

—"Sharing".

"Tradition Behind

Adventure Ahead"

"IN 1940 my Mother Church in New Zealand will be looking back over one hundred years' service and looking forward to a difficult future. To them and to all others in this perilous hour I commend the Maori slogan—"Tradition Behind, Adventure Ahead."

And what of us Christians? Will we do any better? Some of us will be trying to read "signs in the heavens" to foretell a "Second Coming." Not a few will hope and pray for some sort of revival to sweep the world. While in the hearts of others will be a feeling of frustration and a sad thought that nothing can be done . . . mankind has gone to the devil! But if our Christianity is going to be worth anything at all in the year ahead, then, in God's name, let's try and live it out.

Too many of us are trying to live it down! It is still the faith of the saints and martyrs. And they wouldn't have been saints and martyrs unless they believed what they professed and were prepared to live for it and, if need be, die for it.

Pray by all means . . . but show an equal willingness to work and pay the price of the thing for which we pray. A. J. D. in N.S.W. Presbyterian.

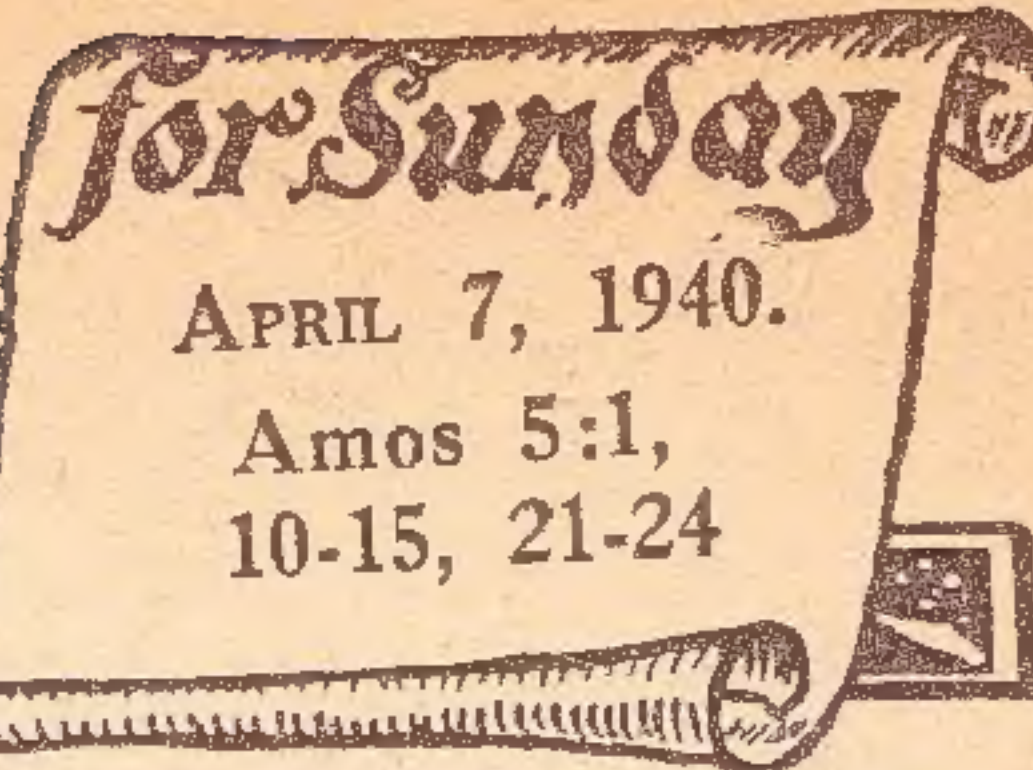
"Listening to God and obeying may be intensely costly, but it is the solution to every problem."

The idea of liberty has ultimately a religious base.



Amos—Champion of Justice

by BERGAN



WE are about to take up some studies of the Hebrew prophets. No course of study should be more interesting and none of more practical service. For the prophets were among the greatest of men. And as Carlyle says, "Great men taken up in any way are profitable company."

We usually think of the prophet as one who foretells future events. The prophets sometimes did so. But their great office was to "forth-tell." The Hebrew term most frequently used means "the speaker." (Ex. 7:1) By a prophet we mean, "One who speaks for God."

It is surprising in studying the Prophets to find how "modern" they are. They faced the same personal, social and political problems that we have to face. And they faced them in the only adequate way in which they can be faced—in the light of God.

"As we know from their writings they were men of remarkable breadth, insight, and power. While their greatest service to the world of their day, or of ours, was in the sphere of constructive religious thought, they were interested in the practical problems of human life, and touched it at many points.

"Their conviction that righteousness and sincerity were the fundamental elements of true life make them unsparing critics of social wrongs, idolatry, formalism and worldliness, preachers of faith in God and love to man, and statesmanlike advisers on questions of public policy. . . . They looked at life from the standpoint of the Divine, approving or denouncing its varied phases according to their harmony with the ideal revealed to them." (Sanders and Kent, "The Messages of the Bible")

There is much about prophets in the historical books in the Old Testament. The prophets that we are to study are some of the "writing prophets." We begin with Amos about 760-750 B.C.

Amos is one of the "Minor Prophets." This simply means "shorter", for Amos was one of the greatest of the "goodly fellowship."

THE HERDMAN OF TEKOA

IT was about 200 years after the secession of the northern tribes. (1 Kings 12) The two little kingdoms of Israel and Judah lived alongside each other sometimes at war, sometimes at peace. On their borders were other small states, Syria, Philistia, Tyre, Edom, Ammon, Moab. To the South, across the desert lay the great empire of

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare

The truth thou hast that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere,
They only live who dare.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak,
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

Egypt and beyond the eastern desert the great rival empire, Assyria.

Northern Israel had made more material progress than its southern neighbor, Judah. Its king at this time was Jeroboam II, an able ruler. (2 Kings 14:23-27)

"The tribute and products of foreign art, which as a result of the conquests and commercial policy of the reigning king . . . (coming) to the Israelites in rich abundance, aroused new ambitions and tastes. . . In the new-born desire to gratify their love of display and luxury, the ruling classes were cruelly wronging those who were dependent upon them." (Sanders and Kent)

As to their religion, Jeroboam I had disregarded the Second Commandment in setting up images in his temples of Bethel and Dan. (1 Kings 12:26-33)

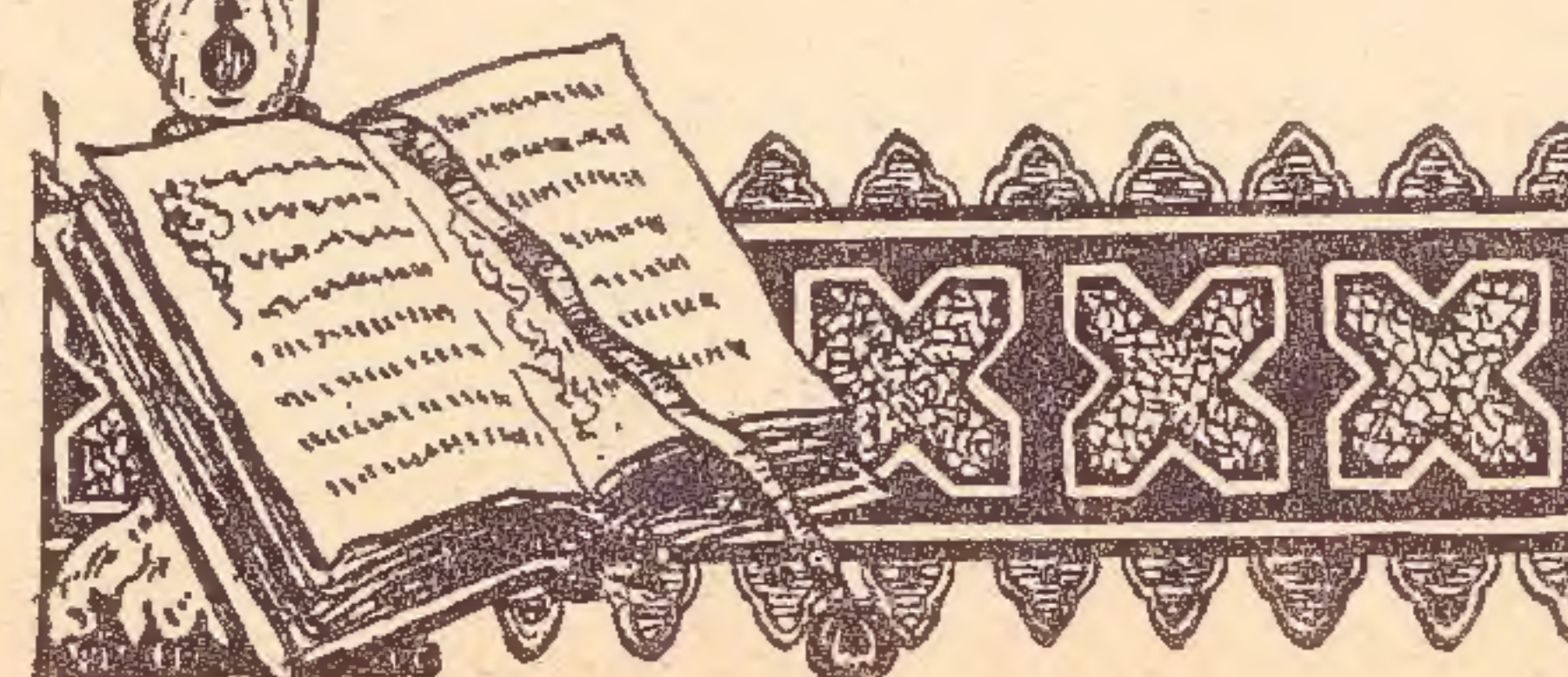


Hate the evil, and love the good and establish justice in the gate.—Amos 5:15.

DAILY BIBLE READING

FROM APRIL 1 TO 7, 1940.

Mon.—Amos 5:1, 10-13
Tue.—Amos 5:14; 15, 21-24.
Wed.—Amos 7:7-9
Thu.—Leviticus 19:13-18
Fri.—James 2:1-9
Sat.—Isaiah 1:16-20
Sun.—Psalm 72:1-8



The people still considered themselves as worshippers of Jehovah, though with the "help" of these images, but thought that as long as they brought rich offerings to His sanctuaries they would enjoy His favor.

Amos was a herdsman and a dresser of small fig-trees. His home was in the desert uplands of Judah. He came to Bethel probably while a festival was in progress to market some of his products. While there, his indignation was kindled at the luxury and oppression which he saw on every hand.

A sort of fair was being held on the plateau below the beautiful little temple. You can imagine people going round from one attraction to the other and then idly pausing to hear what this man of the desert had to say.

It was very interesting. He was denouncing the neighboring nations for their wickedness. The crowd grew, the applause, we may be sure, was vociferous. Then he launched his thunderbolt, "For three transgressions of Israel and for four I will not turn away the punishment thereof, because they have sold the righteous for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes."

FEARLESS PROTEST

ON successive days he appeared, rebuking the evil doing and telling of the inevitable consequences if these evils be persisted in. They think they are God's "chosen" people, he says, but God cares for other nations also. It was He who gave homes to the Ethiopians, the Philistines and the Syrians.

This mountaineer had a grand appreciation of nature as the revealer of God. Look up in the sky any starry night and you will see "the Pleiades and Orion" just as Amos saw them 2,700 years ago. From his mountains he has seen the mists rising from the Mediterranean to float as clouds and then to descend in showers on the fields. (5, 8) They think, he says, that they can bribe the god of the temple with sacrifice and praise, but the God Who made the world and Who directs all the forces of nature cannot be satisfied with anything less than goodness and justice.

A man who stands up like this against evil in high places usually is denounced as a public enemy. Amaziah the priest of Bethel sent word to King Jeroboam that Amos was conspiring against him.

Sweeping down from his temple to Amos in the market place or in the open space by the gate of the city, he told him with a sneer to go back to (Please turn to Page 8.)

Temperance Ammunition

THE timeworn assertion that the New Testament counsels "moderation" and "temperance", but not abstinence from strong drink, does not stand the test of serious thought.

Defenders of liquor still quote the words: "Let your moderation be known of all men," as though the saying bore on this question and settled it. They ignore the fact that Paul was not speaking of a habit of life, but of a state of mind.

The first of the U.K.A. free posters has caused a great stir. It was directed particularly to motorists, and reads:

MOTORISTS

A. A.
Avoid Alcohol
R. A. C.
Refuse all Cocktails.

Over a thousand churches are putting up a fortnightly poster, of which this was the first.—Everybody's Monthly.

Mental suasion for the man who thinks, Moral suasion for the man who drinks, Legal suasion for the drunkard maker, Prison suasion for the statute breaker.

"There are two schools of Temperance thought," states the 'Australian Rechabite and News'. One wants liquor *deleted*, the other would be content to have it *diluted*.

"I say as emphatically as I can that to no one is alcohol a necessity. Why are people such fools as to continue to drink alcohol? In acute disease or sudden injury the steady, constant drinker's chances of recovery are diminished fifty per cent."—Professor Sir Gilbert Barling, Bart., C.B., M.S., F.R.C.S.

"Sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord: being ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason concerning the hope that is in you, yet with meekness and fear." (I Peter 3:15)

Amos — Champion of Justice

(Continued from Page 7.)

Judah, they would pay him for prophesying there. Amos answered him that he wasn't a "paid" prophet. He was only a herdsman but God had given him this word to speak.

Amos stayed day after day in Bethel till he had delivered his message. Then he went back to his flocks and his fig-trees, but he wrote down his discourses for God showed him that they would apply to other ages and countries besides his own. They apply to ours today.

"THE DAY OF THE LORD"

OUR verses are taken from the third address, his greatest. Read the whole of chapter 5. Verses 1 and 2 are "A brief dirge in a poetic form. It is like a passing-bell which should strike awe into the careless and hardened." (Horton)

The virgin of Israel is fallen
She shall no more rise!
She is cast down upon her land
There is none to raise her up.

The virgin of Israel.—He personifies the country as a young girl. "Cast down."—The word in Hebrew has the sound of a "crash."

They hate.—(10) Refer back to v. 7. "They who turn justice into injustice bitter as wormwood hate the man who reproves injustice in the gate." Remember that the gate of an Eastern city was the centre of social life, of business and of the administration of justice.

Ye trample on the poor and take ex-

actions from him of wheat. (R.V.)—The rich money lenders and profiteers robbed the farmer of his little crops.

"Wealth made by injustice is . . . certain to fail. It is clear that the rich had ways then of taking the very bread out of the mouth of the poor, perhaps by high rents, perhaps by taxation." (Horton)

Houses of hewn stone.—The newest luxury of the wealthy. (Isa. 9:10)

Take a bribe.—"A ransom." It is the same root in Hebrew as "atonement." (Ex. 21:30; Num. 35:31; Prov. 6:35) They thought that Divine Justice might be bribed by sacrifice, just as they bought and sold human "justice" for money.

The prudent keep silence.—Prudence is a virtue, but can be carried to an excess. It could not deter Amos from speaking out.

Seek good and not evil.—A new appeal for repentance. Amos still hopes that Israel may turn.

The remnant of Joseph.—Some authorities think vv. 14 and 15 were written after the Assyrians had conquered Galilee and Gilead, but had still left Ephraim in the central country untouched.

Israel hoped for "the day of the Lord", taking it for granted that they were God's favorites and that when He "intervened" it would be in their favor. Once during the Civil War in the United States a lady said to President Lincoln that she hoped God was on their side. The President said that "It wasn't

so much having God on their side. What concerned him was that they should be on God's side."

"JUSTICE AND RIGHTEOUSNESS"

WE go on to our verses 21—24, one of the grandest of prophetic utterances.

I hate, I despise your feasts.—When men are sinful their worship, however splendid, is not acceptable to God. God "hates" it.

Songs . . . viols.—Psalms and instrumental music used in worship. "The idea of 'Take them away' is that of removing a troublesome burden." (Horton) (See Isaiah 1:13, 14)

But let judgment roll down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream.—Judgment means "justice". The meaning of the English word righteousness is "straightness". A "right line" in our Euclid is a straight line, "that which lies evenly between its two points."

Fair play in everything—playing the game, what a fine, manly ideal.

One of the chief evils in the world is "crookedness." There are many people whom we would not call "crooks" but who go about things in ways that are "a little off the level." Let us be "straight" above all things.

A mighty stream.—What a beautiful simile. Truth and Justice flowing through the land, refreshing it and helping all good things to flourish.

These qualities Amos said were essential for a nation's life. Lacking these the country would fall before the invader and her people be carried away captive.

Stephen makes splendid use of the words of Amos (vv. 25-27) in his great address (Acts 7:43) in the day of an even more terrible national crisis.

Stephen's hearers "stopped their ears" and killed him. But the judgment fell on them 35 years afterwards as surely as it fell on Israel in the days of Amos.

Let each one of us who loves his country do what we can to carry out the ideals of Amos. "Hate the evil, and love the good, and establish justice in the gate." It is the only way to national prosperity and security.

QUESTIONS

1. What do we mean by a prophet?
2. Did Amos make his living by prophesying?
3. Why did he speak to the people in Bethel?
4. What did Amos mean by "him that reproveth in the gate"?
5. What did he mean by "taking the burdens (exactions) of the wheat"?
6. What did he say would happen to those who had robbed the poor?
7. "Hate the evil—" Complete the sentence.
8. "Let judgment—" Complete the sentence. (For Answers Please See Page 12).

CREEK HOCKEY

(Continued from Page 2.)

rink. Not even looking for Jack, he shot the rubber across the ice.

"Crack," sounded the puck against the goaler's pads as Jack Bloor shot. "Swish!" went the rebounding rubber disc as Sam batted it into the goal!

For an instant nobody in the arena seemed to realize what had happened, then the cheers burst like an exploding bomb from the crowd. A Brockton player slapped Sam on the back and Jack skated in beside him and pinched his arm. "Good going," he bellowed in his ear. "That's the way to do it."

After this Sam's skates skimmed over the ice. He tried to be everywhere at once. Nothing was an effort for him now. Even when Mr. Stock called him to the bench for a rest, he was scarcely puffing at all. The constant practice on the creek and the long skates had put him in the best of physical condition.

The first period and then the second ended with the score still 1 to 0 in favor of Brockton. Barryville players tried every trick that they knew to tie it up but failed. The pace was terrific. Every youth was putting his whole strength into the struggle. Even the spectators were feeling the strain. Those who had shouted so much to encourage their teams, now sat limp and speechless in their seats.

* * *

IT was in the first five minutes of the third period that Barryville got a 'break.' Up until this time each player had been very clean and no penalty had been handed out for foul play. Every boy knew the disaster of leaving his team short-handed for even a minute. However, Brockton was the unfortunate. Alan Oldfield, defenceman, tripped a Barryville player while staving off an attack on the Brockton goal. The referee thought it was deliberate, so sentenced Oldfield to two minutes in the penalty box. While he was off, Barryville ran in two goals in rapid succession and put themselves ahead.

Mingled cheers and groans rose from the spectators. Everyone in the arena knew that Brockton faced an almost impossible task. All their opponents needed to do now was to play an airtight defensive game and the championship, the beautiful cup, and the players' crests that went with it, were theirs.

"2 to 1," mumbled Sam to himself. He was resting on the bench a moment. "How much longer to play, Mr. Stock?"

"Twelve minutes," answered the coach. "Plenty of time to win yet. You're on now, Porter. Oldfield's back too."

If the pace had been fast before it now became hectic for Brockton. The

defense of the Barryville team was almost perfect and Sam's team played every man up in an endeavor to penetrate it. The crowds in the rink had taken a new interest in the game again and were shouting words of encouragement to their favorites. Jack and Sam skated like mad men, rushing and shooting and then back-checking whenever their opponents got the puck.

* * *

"HOW are you feeling, Sam?" asked his friend as they were close together for a face-off at the Barryville blue-line.

"Fine," responded the former substitute. "You?"

Jack tried to grin. "Pretty good. Some of the other fellows are very tired."

The bell rang and they were off again. It was obvious now that both teams were slowing down, that is with the exception of the two boys who had spent so much of their spare time on the creek. They were going as hard as ever.

"Six minutes left," warned the coach as Jack and Sam and PeeWee Morton, the centre player, were resting on the bench. "It's now or never, fellows. Tie the game up and it's yours. I know it is!"

It was Jack who snared the puck from a Barryville forward at the Brockton end of the rink. For an instant he raised his head to gaze down the ice. In front were the five players and the goaler to beat. A spray of ice crystals crackled from beneath his skates as he started. The little black rubber disc seemed alive as it followed his stick back and forth among his swirling opponents. An opposing forward tried to hook his feet from under him as he passed. Momentarily he staggered, then continued. Two defencemen charged him. He hesitated, as if undecided what to do, then drove the puck straight across the ice.

Sam was there to receive it.

In fact, for the smallest fraction of a second, more than half of the goal stood wide open before him. The Barryville goaler had anticipated an attack from the left wing and was crowding the goal-post on that side. Sam's shot did not rise six inches off the ice but it travelled straight and true, until it bulged the net behind the surprised goaler.

"A goal!" roared the excited spectators, rising to their feet. "The same way they made one before." The cheers were thunderous. Every Brockton supporter shouted until winded, then gave the school yell, followed by spelling out 'Porter' and 'Bloor' in a

chorus. It was as if they had won the game, instead of just evening the score.

* * *

THE perfect physical condition of the two Brockton heroes showed up more than ever now. Frantically, Barryville tried to bolster the waning strength of their stalwarts by changing every player but the goal-tender. Mr. Stock banged on the boards about the ice with a hockey stick to attract the attention of his team. Holding up two fingers to indicate the amount of playing time left, he pointed with his other hand to the bench. Every boy shook his head from side to side.

At the face-off Barryville seized the puck, but were too worn out to keep it. Brockton, led by Sam and Jack, surged down the ice for the last attack of the game. There might have been a dozen pucks on the ice at once so fast did the opposing goaler move to keep out all the shots. But it couldn't last. There was a scramble in front of the net and Oldfield redeemed his penalty by scooping the puck in. A loud-toned bell pealed through the arena. The game was over. Brockton were the champions of the year.

"You've certainly made a hockey player of yourself," greeted Mr. Stock as he met Sam in the dressing-room a short time later. "Two goals! How did you manage to bring about this change in your game?"

Sam grinned. It was the happiest moment in his life. "You started it, I guess, Mr. Stock," he replied. "But Jack Bloor finished it."

"I started it! How?" the coach looked surprised. "Come on Bloor; tell us the secret."

Jack's answer was evasive, so Sam related the story. He told Mr. Stock how much he had regretted the loss of the hockey uniform, and how Jack had tried to make up for it by coaching him along in the game.

"Bravo!" ejaculated the coach. "The best I ever heard. I didn't realize how much you fellows thought of your uniforms until this moment. Wonder if every boy would have gone about getting it back the way you did?"

The two friends shook their heads. They wondered too.

BURYING THE SERGEANT-MAJOR

THEY were burying the sergeant-major and sitting in church at the funeral service the men were listening to the chaplain's address. As the virtues of the dead man rolled off the chaplain's lips the "bad lad" of the crowd became more and more amazed. When the chaplain referred to the deceased's "lovable qualities", he could stand it no longer. He rose in his place, and after a cough to attract the chaplain's attention, asked: "Excuse me, sir, but are you sure you've got the right corpse?"—English Papers.



DEAR CHUMS,—

For the benefit of new-comers to the Mail Bag, we repeat for the last time the directions and handy entrance coupon for the Chums' Riddle Contest.

The six chums who send the best sets of three riddles each will win a free subscription to the Northern Messenger for three months for any friend of theirs who is not at present getting the paper. Fill in your friend's name and address and your own, as the coupon (on Page 11) says. Your friend will immediately be sent a sample copy of the Messenger. As soon as the contest winners are chosen, their friends' names will be put on our regular subscription list for three months and each will be notified that the paper comes as a gift from the prize-winner who sent in their name.

Address your entry to AUNT RUTH, c/o THE NORTHERN MESSENGER, P.O. BOX 3070, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

You may send more than 3 riddles and the three best will be counted as a set. Of course you know that you may not take riddles from copyrighted publications or books for that is against the law. Be sure to tell us where you get the riddles, and be sure to give us the correct answer to each.

The contest closes April 30th. Cut out this week's coupon and save it because it will not be printed again. Send in your riddles as early as you can so that the judges can announce the results as soon as possible after April 30. All riddles which are accepted by the judges will be printed on Page 13 with the sender's name. Start on your set immediately—you have a chance to win.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your page. I am nine years old and in grade five. I like reading and art. For sports I like skiing and tobogganing. A kitten and a dog are my pets. Well this is all for the first time. Hoping to hear from a chum about my age. Your new chum,—Dora Duff.

Ans.—Glad to hear from you.—A. R.

Dear Margaret Stevenson,—I saw your letter to Elizabeth McKell on the Chums' Page. I am the same age as you, only my birthday is on the seventh of August. I am in Grade Seven. My teacher's name is Miss Stewart. I have two brothers younger than myself. I got new skates for Christmas. Do you skate, or what are your hobbies?

Hoping to hear from you soon.—Margaret Weldin, N.S.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your page and I enjoy reading it very much. We get the Northern Messenger at our Sunday School. First of all I am going to tell you what I look like. I have fair hair and blue eyes. I'm eleven years old going on to twelve on June first. Have I a twin, and if I have would he or she please write to me? I am in Grade VI.

I take piano lessons from Miss Beardsall. I take tap-dancing lessons from Miss MacIntosh. My school teach-



er's name is Miss Eckel and Mr. Finch teaches us music and singing lessons in the school. The place where I live is a small village on highways No. 2 and 92 and is several miles east of Wasaga Beach. This beach is a popular summer resort which is visited by many people from the United States and all parts of Canada.

Our school has six rooms and there are about two hundred going to school.

I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School. My teacher is Mrs. Fleming. I have gone seven years without missing any Sunday, except a few I was sick. We have a Sunday School picnic every year up at Little Lake Midland. This is another summer resort. There are swings, slides, "teeters" and the

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This Week's Star Correspondent

HELEN ARCHER

Honorable Mention

AUDREY ALCE

* * * * *

Maypole, where children can play in safety. There is also bathing, canoes for rent, refreshment stands and on Sunday and Wednesday evenings they have a band concert. At the north end of the town is a dock on Georgian Bay and it is known as the gateway to the Thirty Thousand Islands.

I have two sisters named Grace and Kay, and I have three brothers named George, Bert and Clair.

For a pet I have a cat named Ginger. I like to skate, toboggan and sleigh ride. I can knit and sew some.

Well, I will close, hoping some chums will write to me. Your new Chum,—Helen Archer, Ont.

TO MARJORIE OYLER FROM AUDREY ALCE

Dear Marjorie,—I saw your appeal for a pen-pal in the Northern Messenger, so I decided to write to you. You did not state your age in your letter, but I hope you are my age. I will be fourteen on April 11th. I am 5 feet 1 inch tall and weigh 108 lbs., have fairly long blonde hair and blue eyes. I live in a pretty little summer resort on the Credit River. It is very beautiful here in the summer time, but very quiet in winter. We have lots of fun sleigh-riding and skating.

My great-grandfather was superintendent of his Sunday School and he bought the Northern Messenger himself and distributed it among the different families. My grandmother lives with us now and she takes the Northern Messenger, and we think it is the best Sunday School paper published. I like reading the "Chums' Page" and "Keep Your Wits Working."

Have you ever read the book of "Heidi?" I have, and it is the best book I ever read. I also like L. M. Montgomery's books. Have you a radio? We have. I have two sisters and two brothers. They are all working, but my youngest brother and I.

I think your S.S. scrap books are a very good idea. It must be lots of fun to drive to church in a sleigh. I go to the Baptist Church. We have a kitten named Jiggie. He is very playful. I also have one goldfish.

Our B.Y.P.U. meets every Friday evening at the homes of the members. I am the Secretary-Treasurer and enjoy my work very much. Trusting you will write to me soon and tell me something about your part of the country. I remain, your pen-pal,—Audrey Alce, Ont.

NO EXCEPTIONS

An Irish attorney, pleading before Lord Norbury, was holding forth on the law: "A man's home is his castle," and said of his client's house: "The rain may enter it; the King cannot!" "What!" exclaimed Lord Norbury, "Not even the reigning king?"

Dhadi's Sacrifice

Founded on Fact

BY NESTA REED

For the Messenger.

"SALAAM! Salaam! Sahib! Please give a heart of pity, and let me enter your Home of Healing." Mr. Smith, the Missionary-in-Charge of the leper boys' Home in South India, looked at the poor lad kneeling at his feet, and his kind heart was touched.

"What is your name, my son?" "Dhadi Rani" was the prompt reply. "Well, Dhadi, our boys' Home is very full just now, but, as I hope we may be able to help you, because your years are small, I will, somehow or other, make room for you, though it will be a tight squeeze."

The relief and joy which filled the eyes of the poor leper boy were something which rewarded the Missionary for all his self-sacrifice and love. Dhadi's story was soon told. His mother was a poor widow with several children, and when Dhadi, her eldest son, was stricken with the terrible disease of leprosy he found that no one would hire him in the village, and he dreaded being a useless burden. His younger brother had begun to show signs of the same complaint, so Dhadi made up his mind to leave home. Happily a Christian neighbour had heard somewhere about a distant Home for leper boys at Milapore, and he advised Dhadi to try and get there. It was, however, a miracle that the poor lad ever managed to do so, for, it was a ten weeks' journey.

* * *

OH! how happy Dhadi was to find such a comfortable place where everyone was so kind and friendly. He had been so cruelly treated on the road that it made him feel what a blessing to come at last to find people who loved and cared for boys like him. "What ever makes them do it?" he asked one of the boys the day after he arrived. "Truly it is because they greatly love Jesus-Swami", he replied. "He has bidden them to follow His example when He lived on earth and healed poor lepers." To Dhadi it all seemed very wonderful, but gradually he came to understand better when he came to love the same Saviour.

After some months of treatment Dhadi improved so much that the Doctor hoped in time that he might be cured. "But you must be patient, my boy, I cannot promise that it will be for a good while yet. You now say you love and trust Jesus-Swami, so you must go on praying Him to use and bless all the medicine we are giving you to make you better. You know Jesus is the very same all-powerful Healer."

Dhadi's bright smile was very cheering, for he was one of the best boys

they had ever had in the Home, and so grateful for everything. It was therefore a great surprise to Mr. Smith when the matron of the boys' Home came the next day to say that Dhadi had disappeared. "It seems very strange, but he must have run away, though I can't understand Dhadi, least of all our boys running away. He was so very happy and keen to get quite well, so as to return home and help his mother."

* * *

IT certainly was a mystery, but Dhadi must have slipped out unnoticed and nothing could be heard of him! However, in that busy, crowded Home his place was soon taken and he was forgotten. Weeks passed, and then some three months after, when crossing the compound, Mr. Smith saw two miserable looking boys limping towards him. He could only just recognize Dhadi, he looked so thin, dirty and exhausted.

"Sahib! Sahib!" he cried, throwing himself down on the ground. "Forgive me! I felt I just had to go home and bring my little brother, Santal, for he also has got the same evil sickness. He is much younger than I am, and you said so often that it was a pity I had not come here sooner." "In truth, Dhadi, we are glad that this was the reason why you left us for we were puzzled.

"Now you must both go and be fed, then later I will see you again!" Mr. Smith felt very sorry, for alas! he

must tell Dhadi he could not take them both, for he had no room for two more boys and still less money to feed them. It was a bitter grief and disappointment when Dhadi found his earnest plea was in vain.

"No, my boy, one of you must leave, I cannot say which; you must decide. Just think and pray over it, and tell me tomorrow."

When the next day came Dhadi with a brave smile told Mr. Smith that he was going home, "For my little brother must stay here and be saved at all costs." Everyone was truly sorry, but it had to be. But oh! What joy! It was some months later when Dhadi's story moved a kind friend away in the Home Land to send a gift which enabled the brothers to be together again.

Some day it is hoped they will both be cured, and return home to show, as well as to tell, what Jesus Swami has done for them.

Locomotive Laundry Washes 60 Every Day

Typical of the locomotive "laundries" across the Canadian National Railways system is the one at the Toronto roundhouse, where no fewer than 60 locomotives are washed and polished every day. It takes just 20 minutes to launder the biggest locomotive. Four hundred gallons of hot water are required for each job. Instead of soap, two quarts of oil are syphoned into the water to cut the grit. To wash the 60 locomotives, 24,000 gallons of water and 120 quarts of oil are consumed. The washing is done entirely by hose, with 150 pounds pressure.

Dear Editors of the
Northern Messenger,

P. O. Box 3070,
Place d'Armes, Montreal.

....., 1940.

I am glad to send riddles.

If I win I should like the Messenger sent to—

.....
Name

.....
Address

I am your Chum,

.....
Name

.....
Address

POOR MAN'S FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 5.)

I know you will understand when I say that I have found life much brighter these last fifteen years or so.

What a lot has happened. When you used to teach me in the Sunday school you little thought that by so round-about a way I should be brought face to face with the great things of life, the wife of a man who is doing such great things for the poor of Glasgow. As I told you in my last letter, he has consecrated his money to God's service and in partnership with Mr. M'Nair he is running one of the most successful missions in the slums of our City . . . it is what is needed . . . the ordinary church methods do not seem to reach the people at all . . . they leave it all to the Salvation Army who do a *great* work, but that is no excuse for the churches neglecting their part in the work of seeking and saving. Donald says our efforts in this direction are too spasmodic. We need a bolder policy—evangelism on a large scale with the missionaries living in the very heart of the slums and the halls made attractively bright — something like the Methodists do, you know. Only Donald says they get the more respectable artisan type. His plan is to get hold of the very poorest and lowest classes. It is a great task in a City like Glasgow, only we have faith and Donald is willing to spend his money.

* * *

MR. M'NAIR is a fine type. I admire him. He once proposed to me. One day I will tell you the whole story.

He was—and is—very fond of me. But he will never marry now. He is remaining single for the Gospel's sake—he reminds me of Charles Lamb, for I believe he has his own Dream Children too. And isn't it strange. He's pitched his new mission almost on the very spot where in my youthful inexperienced ardor I tried to save the masses with a mixture of Plato and Bernard Shaw. I've learnt a lot since those days. I know it sounds frightfully old-fashioned to say it—and my old friends at the University would smile—but I'm convinced that only Christ can supply the solution of the world's problems. I'm a real old-fashioned Christian these days in my middle-age; it seems that everybody must get there sooner or later if one is honest and sees experiment after experiment failing.

As for the rest I can only say that I have discovered in going through life that there is a Hand that will guide us all the time if only we will trust it. The web of life may be woven to pattern if we will let God have his way—and He intends every story to have a happy ending. That is why I have no patience with those who today are afraid to

write at the end of their books, 'They all lived happily ever afterwards.' It has worked out in your life and mine—why not in every life?

I must tell you this story about our Jean . . .

P.S.—I am enclosing a cheque for a hundred pounds for your mission work in S. Africa.

* * *

P.P.S.—Donald has read this and says I must make it two hundred.

* * *

P.P.S.—I meant to tell you about a new season's frock I saw in a window in Sauchiehall Street last week. It was only . . .

JEAN.

(The End.)

WHITEFISH FEUD

(Continued from Page 4.)

where miles ahead the sandy dunes of Amherst Point joined the mainland.

The Kofisco hadn't got more than two or three hundred yards when Alvin grabbed again for the glasses. A black spot about half way in to the beach opposite them had attracted his attention. Almost hidden by pinnacles of ice around it and partly covered with snow it wasn't very distinct, but as Alvin studied it his hands gripping the glasses shook excitedly.

"It's a smashed boat," he exclaimed a few seconds afterwards.

The tug battered towards it as anxious eyes peered at the spot which gradually materialized into the broken strakes of a small lifeboat. Eagerly Alvin drove the Kofisco forward and then a minute or two later stopped within a few yards of the crushed lifeboat.

"It's a small boat that's been caught between two pans of ice. . . ." Les Barton said and then he stopped. "It might not be the lifeboat off the Stanton Lass. Maybe a boat that's been adrift."

* * *

ALVIN looked at Les out of the corners of his eyes, teeth bit into his lower lip, and then he turned back to stare at the wrecked skiff on the ice.

"I'd like to believe you," Alvin said as he held his eyes rigidly on that pile of wreckage. "But look at that one piece of planking lying on the ice about three yards from what was once the bow of the lifeboat."

The four of them gazed silently at the small, broken board. Painted on it with white paint and still quite distinct were the letters . . . TANTON LASS OF PORT STANT . . . The section of the board that contained the remainder of the names had been broken off, but that was enough. It was the lifeboat from the Stanton Lass.

(To Be Continued.)

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. One who "speaks forth" for God.
2. No. He was a herdsman and a dresser of fig trees.
3. Because he saw their cruelty, luxury and dishonesty.
4. The man who spoke out for justice in the place where the courts were held and business transacted.
5. That the wealthy by profiteering, high interest and heavy taxation were robbing the farmers of their produce.
6. They would not enjoy their ill-gotten wealth.
7. "Hate the evil, and love the good, and establish justice in the gate."
8. "Let judgment roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream."



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Keep your WITS WORKING

BIBLE PROBLEM

THE initials form the name of an Old Testament prophet and the finals the name of a woman converted through the Apostle Paul. (1) A son of Ezra. (2) A country mentioned in the book of Esther. (3) A city of Galilee. (4) A prophetess. (5) A priest in Jeremiah's time. (6) The mother of Hezekiah. (7) An evil woman spoken of in the Gospels.

BIBLE PUZZLE

1. Ep - - - - - A fellow-laborer with Paul
2. Ep - - - - - A messenger between the churches
3. Ep - - - - - A friend of Paul in Rome
4. Ep - - - - - A city visited by Paul
5. Ep - - - - - A sect of philosophers encountered by Paul.
6. Ep - - - - - Paul wrote a large number

BIBLE ACROSTIC

1. A city captured by Joshua.
 2. A country famous in history.
 3. A city over which there was a war.
 4. A river in Mesopotamia.
 5. A city in Asia Minor.
 6. A river near Damascus.
 7. A famous mountain.
 8. A country near Palestine.
 9. A country from which invaders came.
- Initial letters give the name of a famous city.

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st's in ice. It's not in snow.
 My 2nd's in walk. It's not in go.
 My 3rd's in Spring. It's not in Fall.
 My 4th's in shout. It's not in call.
 My 5th's in eagle. It's not in hawk.
 My 6th's in run. It's not in walk.
 My 7th's in mouse. It's not in cat.
 My 8th's in dog. It's not in rat.
 My 9th's in midge. It's not in fly.
 My 10th's in puddings. It's not in pie.
 My whole?—We had them. They tasted good,
 Especially after our winter food.

THREE DEEP

Circle, very open, all players except two (chaser and chased) standing three deep, files facing inward. When chased player stands in front of any three, last or fourth man has to run off. Chaser tags him, they change places.

SNATCH

Two lines, each numbered the same, but numbering starting at opposite ends. Cap,

scarf or other small object in centre or chair or floor. Leader calls any number. Each of the two boys tries to snatch object and get back without being tagged by the other. Side scoring most points for tagging wins.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Answers to Word Changes—Mist, mast, mart, marl, mail, main, rain. Rain, raid, said, slid, sled, slew, slow, snow. Camp, came, lame, lime, life. Fairy, fails, fails, falls, balls, bales, tales. Hide, hire, here, herd heed, seed, seek.

Crossword Puzzle—

ACROSS	DOWN
5. Star	1. Mahlon
8. Robbeth	2. Errand
9. Harm	3. Tombs
10. Oars	4. Abiathar
11. Absalom	5. Stood
12. Owns	6. Thames
14. Dear	7. Rosary
26. Nod	13. Wove
17. Who	15. Apes
19. Spy	17. Whet
20. Shave	18. Over
21. Bel	21. Ball
23. Ere	22. Lamp
24. Asa	24. Acts
26. Ant.	25. Ache
28. Roc	27. Ner
30. Lame	29. Our
32. Utah	31. My
33. Prayers	

Gasps and Giggles

The housewife put down her shopping basket and sniffed at the herrings laid out on the fish-monger's slab.

"These fish don't seem very fresh," she remarked.

"No, indeed, missus," retorted the fishmonger. "And I guess you wouldn't look very fresh if you'd been chased all over the North Sea with half the German navy at your 'eels."

"CAR STOLEN—PLEASE RETURN"

Yakima, Wash., Dec. 30—On a routine check of streets police found a parked automobile bearing out-of-county licence plates. A note pinned under the windshield wiper read:

"This is a stolen car. Please notify Mrs. Carrol Chandler, Wash.

RATS!

THE population of Canada is under 12 millions of people. The rat population is estimated to reach 25 millions.

The rat is man's most intelligent and dangerous foe. He is filthy, destructive and disease-carrying; a menace to society. At a most conservative estimate the rat population of Canada consumes food of a value of 50 millions a year. If this were his only fault, the rat's continued existence might be tolerated.

It is not as a destroyer of property or as a consumer of food but as a health menace that the rat does the greatest harm. Because his body is infested with fleas, lice and mites, the rat distributes what are known as mechanical carriers of disease. Investigation has shown that a single rat carries on the average 15 fleas, and these fleas in many instances are known to carry disease.

A rat bite may cause fever (rat-bite fever) and other infections, but the real danger from rats is because of the disease-carrying insects living on them. The rat is the chief reservoir and source of human plague. The plague is the "black death" which in the years 1664-5 killed 70,000 of the half-million population of London. Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," wrote one of the best descriptions of this devastating epidemic. Infectious jaundice, leprosy, trichinosis and epidemic typhus are spread by rats. These rodents frequently infect food supplies in butcher shops, slaughter houses and in groceries and warehouses.

Rat-proofing of buildings, starving, the use of traps, poisons and fumigation have all been tried with more or less success. The natural enemies of the rat are hawks, snakes, skunks, weasels, the mongoose, minks, dogs, cats and ferrets.

The rat cannot live without food and he will quickly migrate if food supplies are denied him, just as he will congregate where food is plentiful. All available forces must be arrayed against him in order to limit this source of disease-carrying parasites.—John W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

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FRIED MUSH WITH HAM

Heat together 3 cups water and 1 cup milk with 2 teaspoons salt and bring to a boil. Mix 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup corn meal and 1 tablespoon flour and add to the water mixture, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened, then place over hot water, cover and cook 40 minutes. Turn into a loaf pan and chill overnight. Cut into 1-4 inch slices and dust lightly with flour before frying until golden brown in butter. Arrange the slices in the centre of a hot platter and surround with pieces of fried or broiled ham. Serve with butter and syrup or honey. This makes a nice supper dish, when the main meal of the day is served at noon.

SAVORY BAKED FISH RECIPE

Put a one-pound steak fish (halibut or cod) in a shallow baking dish. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Drain the juice off canned tomatoes and use one cup of the pulp. Add one even teaspoon of sugar to

the tomatoes and pour over the fish; slice a small onion over that. Bake twenty minutes. Pour on one-half cup milk or cream; cover with bread crumbs dotted with bits of butter, and bake ten minutes longer. Serve in baking dish.

SALMON SCRAMBLE

Drain the contents of a 1-pound can of salmon. Remove bits of skin and bone and flake coarsely. Melt 4 tablespoons butter in a frying pan and in it saute 1 tablespoon minced onion. Pour in 6 eggs beaten slightly with 6 tablespoons rich milk, add the salmon with enough salt and pepper to season. Cook, stirring constantly until creamy, heap on triangles of crisp buttered toast and garnish with parsley.

PILCHARD SANDWICHES

Mash pilchards, mix with onion juice, horseradish and salad dressing. Serve on thin toast or rye bread, cut in assorted shapes.

Truthfulness

FLORENCE WIGHTMAN ROWLAND

LITTLE children do not always understand the difference between truth and imagination. Nearly every mother has faced the situation of having her child romance quite surprisingly. Usually the parent is at a loss to know whether the child is doing this in the spirit of mischief or whether he really thinks he is truthful.

My grandmother used to punish her children very severely every time they resorted to exaggeration in the least, fearful lest they should grow up to be untruthful. My mother, being an imaginative child, came in for her full share of punishment. This, later, caused her to resolve that, when her children reached a similar stage in their development, she would help them to understand the difference between truth and fiction, instead of punishing them. She kept her resolution. Of her four children, three are professional writers. Had we been punished, when we told of astonishing happenings that never really occurred, the imagination and descriptive ability necessary for honest journalism would probably never have been developed.

My three daughters told their share of imaginative stories, and I listened patiently. I would say, "That was a delightful story, Madge. I enjoyed it. Now tell Mother what really happen-

ed." When they were still very little, my girls realized that I knew when they were making up a tale, and they would quickly proceed to tell me the actual happenings.

It is not long before children learn the difference between a tale to amuse and one told to deceive. We may tell them the latter is wrong, but actions speak louder than words.

Mrs. Smith calls Mrs. Brown up to invite her to dinner. Not caring to go, Mrs. Brown pleads that she has a previous engagement or a headache. Seven-year-old Mary or Johnny, knowing she intends to stay at home or is in perfectly good health, is taught the undesirable art of misrepresentation and soon learns to apply the rules even more diligently and successfully than Mother. The difference will be that Mother will punish Mary or Johnny when she catches them in such a fault, while she, herself, will usually escape without even a reprimand. If children are not afraid of the consequences, they will usually own up to any wrongdoing or accident. My rule is, never to punish if the child has told me frankly what happened. You'd be surprised how quickly the boys and girls will run to tell about a broken window or an ink spot on the floor.

I have sometimes had the child earn

Like A Little Child

Oh, for the joy of a little child,
To sing and sing and sing,
Oh, for the trust of a little child,
To cling and cling and cling.
Oh, for the faith of a little child,
To pray and pray and pray.
Oh, for the deeds of a little child,
Obey, obey, obey.
Receptiveness and humility
And love and love and love,
Enter the kingdom celestial,
Above, above, above.

—Maple Leaf.

the money to replace a broken or destroyed article when I was sure the accident could easily have been prevented. This is not punishment that frightens a child. Madge washed an extra meal's dishes for a month, once, to replace a lamp she had carelessly knocked over. To her this seemed quite fair. This method usually impresses the child with the commercial value of things, and future recklessness is thereby cut to the minimum. I know, for I've used this plan on occasion for over ten years now, and it works astonishingly well. I've never known it to cause misrepresentation.

In conclusion, let me say that children are naturally truthful. The more I work with mine, and the more youngsters I come in contact with, while teaching, the more I am impressed with the actuality of this statement. If a child is not truthful, it is generally the fault of some adult—resulting either from this person's unfortunate example or from an incorrect method of handling the child's early exaggerations and otherwise untrue statements.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association,
8 West 40th St., New York City.)

For Chintz Covers

MAKE a large bowl of thick boiled starch and plunge the chintz into the mixture. Squeeze as much of the starch as possible out of the material, then hang it either out of doors or in a warm place to dry until the surface is slightly hardened.

Calendering is somewhat of an art, but quite a good result can be obtained with a hot rounded polishing iron—and patience. Iron the chintz first on the right side with a very hot ordinary flat iron, then take away the ironing blanket, leaving only the sheet on the table. Take the polishing iron and pressing the iron heaving forward on its heel and lightly back on its toe, work until the surface is covered with an even gloss. Be sure to air off the chintz as quickly as possible, and put the covers onto the furniture before they get creased.—Christian Herald.

True obedience to law is liberty.

MONTREAL, MARCH 29, 1940.

BASIS FOR PEACE

IN CONNECTION with the Christian Foreign Service Convocation in New York the voices of a number of political and religious leaders were heard over the radio.

Outstanding were the addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States and Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands.

Mr. Roosevelt said: "Today we seek a moral basis for peace. It cannot be a real peace if it fails to recognize brotherhood. It cannot be a lasting peace if the fruit of it is oppression, or starvation, or cruelty, or human life dominated by armed camps.

"It cannot be a sound peace if small nations must live in fear of powerful neighbors. It cannot be a moral peace if freedom from invasion is sold for tribute. It cannot be an intelligent peace if it denies free passage to that knowledge of those ideals which permit men to find common ground. It cannot be a righteous peace if worship of God is denied.

"On these fundamentals the world did not have a true peace in those years between the ending of the Great War and the beginning of present wars."

Mr. Roosevelt told the convocation he was "confident of your ultimate triumph: For the ideals of justice, kindness, brotherhood and faith cannot die."

"These are the highest of human ideals," he said. "They will be defended and maintained. In their victory the whole world stands to gain; and the fruit of it is peace."

Queen Wilhelmina expressed "great interest and warm sympathy in the cause of Christian missions and said that "since I have also been asked to give my opinion of the present need and value of greater spiritual contributions in a world situation of great distress, I should like to express my deep conviction that in our present time the very first need is that of radical renewal in the life of every individual.

"This only can be the fruitful source from which flows the necessary strength for the realization of practical construction and achievements without which our world of today will go to ruin."

Montreal, March 29, 1940.

The Queen said that renewal of strength "can only be achieved if we return direct to the very source of Christianity—the New Testament."

She expressed the hope that mankind may "learn to see through the eyes of Christ and by so doing overcome all ideas, sentiments and conditions that keep men at present so widely apart from each other."

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND PEACE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S address had all the eloquence and all the broad statesmanlike vision that we associate with his name.

Nations have been accustomed to trust to "balances of power," to pacts and alliances to maintain peace. These may have their place, but without a moral background they are a "great illusion" under which their authors and supporters "cry Peace! Peace! when there is no peace."

SOURCE OF STRENGTH

QUEEN WILHELMINA in calling for "a radical renewal in the life of every individual," for renewal of strength by returning "direct to the very source of Christianity—the New Testament," for "learning to see through the eyes of Christ," sounded even a deeper note than the President.

We are the "living stones" of the world's structure. We must each in God's strength lay our own lives straight and fair and level. So only the world will be brought back from its present chaos, and built into a living temple of God.

THE TELEPHONE'S JUBILEE

SOME TIME in April the Bell Telephone Company of Canada will celebrate the "Diamond Jubilee" of its establishment in the city of Montreal.

The 'Montreal Star' says in a glowing eulogy of the telephone:

It is hardly to be gainsaid that no other invention of modern times, not even excepting radio, has done more to facilitate human progress and to stimulate the amenities of work and play throughout the world as the telephone. . . .

It has annihilated space; it has brought the four corners of the earth into intimate and swift contact; it has given humanity something by means of which family ties can be kept strong between widely separated members of the home; it has revolutionized business methods; it has proved of incalculable value in a myriad ways when immediate com-

munication has been essential for all sorts and conditions of service from the epoch-making decisions of statesmen to the saving of human life.

Even those who can recall the days before the telephone was first established as a public service find it difficult to imagine what life would have been without it since that momentous date. The busy housewife; the harassed business man; those in whose hands the responsibilities of government have been placed; the suffering; the aged,—all have good reason to thank Heaven for the telephone.

If by some unbelievable miracle it were to be suddenly eliminated from our midst, life as we understand it today would stand still; the whole fabric of our modern civilization would be thrown out of joint.

This fact is appreciated more by the people of Canada than by any other nation in the world, for they use the telephone more than any other people. Today over 785,000 telephones in the Province of Quebec and Ontario alone transmit five and a half million calls per day. And the wonder never ceases that it is possible to lie in bed and talk by telephone to some friend who is at the moment on the sea or thousands of miles away in a foreign land.

* * *

WHEN we stop a moment to think of all the amazing ways in which the telephone serves humanity, we pay tribute to the man to whose courage and genius we are indebted for this almost indispensable modern convenience.

Alexander Graham Bell was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, but spent most of his early years in Brantford, Ontario, where,—if we mistake not,—his old home is still standing. It was doubtless in Brantford that he made his first experiments in telephony. It was in Boston in 1876 and 1877 that he carried these experiments through to success and had his instruments patented. Like all inventions, a number of people had been experimenting along the same lines, but it is Bell's instrument that was first turned to public advantage.

Bell like many another inventor had to fight against poverty and many other difficulties before he brought his instrument to success. Unlike many inventors he lived to see it in world wide use, and benefiting millions of his fellow men.

Earth's Nearest Neighbour

There is Neither Water nor Air on the Moon — Globe Floodlit by the Sun.

By

SIR FRANK DYSON, F.R.C.S.
Late Astronomer Royal.



THE first thing we notice about the Moon is its habit of changing. It begins as a crescent, gradually increases to full and then diminishes to a crescent again. When nearly new we often see "the old Moon in the arms of the new."

Clearly the Moon is illuminated in some way, and, clearly, too, the flood-lighting comes from the Sun. When we are nearly in the direct line of the Sun and Moon we see the whole surface illuminated, but out of the direct line we see only that part of the illumination which is turned towards us. A little further thought shows that the Moon is a globe like the Earth. Incidentally the "old Moon" in the arms of the new is seen by the light reflected on the Moon from the Earth.

NEAREST TO US

GREEK astronomers realized that the Moon was the nearest of the heavenly bodies because it moved so quickly round the sky. Hipparchus, about 200 B.C., determined its distance by comparing its apparent diameter with that of the shadow cast on it by the Earth in a lunar eclipse. He found its size to be 60 times the Earth's radius or 240,000 miles. Nowadays, its distance is easily found by triangulation from two fairly distant points on the Earth's surface, say the Observatories of Greenwich and the Cape of Good Hope.

Knowing the distance, the diameter of the Moon is easily found to be 2,200 miles or about a quarter of the Earth's diameter. The Mass of the Moon is more difficult to determine and is found to be 1/80th of the Earth's Mass. With this small Mass the force of gravity on the Moon's surface is only 1/6th part of its value on the Earth. So an athlete who makes a high jump of six feet on the Earth's surface, could rise to 36 feet if the other circumstances were similar. But we shall see later that they are very different.

NO CLOUDS ON MOON

WHEN Galileo turned his telescope on the Moon, he found, in Milton's words, "Rivers and mountains in her spotty globe." The mountains are there all right; but no rivers, for there is neither water nor air on the Moon.

How do we know this?

In the first place no clouds are ever seen on the Moon. But there is a stronger argument. Sometimes the Moon passes in front of a star. The star disappears suddenly, but if there were an atmosphere on the Moon, the star would gradually fade out. From these and other considerations it is inferred that at the Moon's surface the atmosphere is practically non-existent.

If the Moon ever had an atmosphere—and it probably had—how did the Moon come to lose it?

The force of gravity on the Moon is so small that a shot fired with a muzzle velocity of 1½ miles a second would just escape.

Now the atmosphere consists of molecules of gas moving with considerable velocities. A very large number of molecules of hydrogen are moving faster than 1½ miles a second at a temperature of freezing, and more still at higher temperatures. A much smaller fraction of the molecules of oxygen and nitrogen are moving with a velocity greater than the velocity of "escape", but still sufficient for the atmosphere to disappear entirely after a million years. On the surface of the Earth the velocity of "escape" is so great that the atmosphere is retained.

AS the Moon has neither atmosphere nor clouds it will be very hot by day and very cold by night. The most characteristic features are the craters, which point to volcanic action at an earlier time in its history, though other explanations have been offered.

In addition to moonlight nights we enjoy another blessing for which we are mainly indebted to the Moon, namely the Tides. They scour our sea board twice a day and keep our coast and harbors sweet and clean. The Moon is responsible for two-thirds and the Sun for one-third in the formation of the Tides.

Let us first consider the Moon's part in this action.

The Moon attracts every particle of the Earth, solid and liquid, with a force dependent on the distance. But the solid Earth holds together. Now the water immediately under the Moon is attracted with a slightly greater force, because it is nearer the Moon. Therefore it tends to rise. Similarly the water on the opposite side is, so to speak, left behind and therefore tends to rise, too. Thus we have two tides in every lunar day, i.e., 24 hours 50 minutes.

SUN TIDES

SIMILARLY, the Sun produces two tides every day. When the Sun and Moon are in the same directions as at Full Moon, we have spring tides as the effects are added. When the Moon is at the first or last quarter, the high tide caused by the Moon falls with the low

tide caused by the Sun, and so we have only neap tides. This general explanation of the tides was given by Newton, but owing to the flowing of the water and the irregularities of land and sea, the complete theory is very complicated.

NO WEATHER INDICATOR

WHY does the Moon always turn the same face to us? The Earth spins round in a day but the Moon takes a month to make a complete turn round. It is thought that the Moon was once in a molten—or at any rate plastic—state. As the Moon causes tides on the Earth, so the Earth would cause tides on the Moon, but much greater, because the Earth is so much more massive.

The friction caused by these tides would tend to slow down the Moon's rotation till it finally presented the same face to the Earth, and the tide would no longer flow but be heaped up towards and opposite the direction of the Earth. Actually the Moon's radius is 1,000 yards longer in the direction of the Earth than in the perpendicular direction. A similar effect, but of smaller amount, is taking place on the Earth. It is slowing down at the rate of one hundredth of a second every thousand years.

"WET AND DRY MOONS"

THERE is a prevalent idea that when the crescent of the Moon is nearly horizontal in the sky, we may expect rain, because the crescent looks like a bowl which would hold water.

Needless to say, there is nothing in this idea.

Meteorologists have examined the question whether the Moon influences the weather. Actually the Moon causes a very small tide in the atmosphere, but not nearly so large as that caused by the Sun and revealed by the barometer. We may be tolerably certain that the Moon has no perceptible effect on the weather.

The words *moonstruck* and *lunatic* are reminders of the old superstition that the Moon had an influence on people of weak intellect. As late as the seventeenth century it was thought to be lucky to begin any enterprise with a waxing Moon and unlucky with a waning Moon. But nowadays most people in large cities don't know whether the Moon is waxing or waning and so that superstition has died out.

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(Next Article: *Points About Planets*)

"Willie," asked the teacher, "what comes before six?"

And Willie piped out with: "The milkman."